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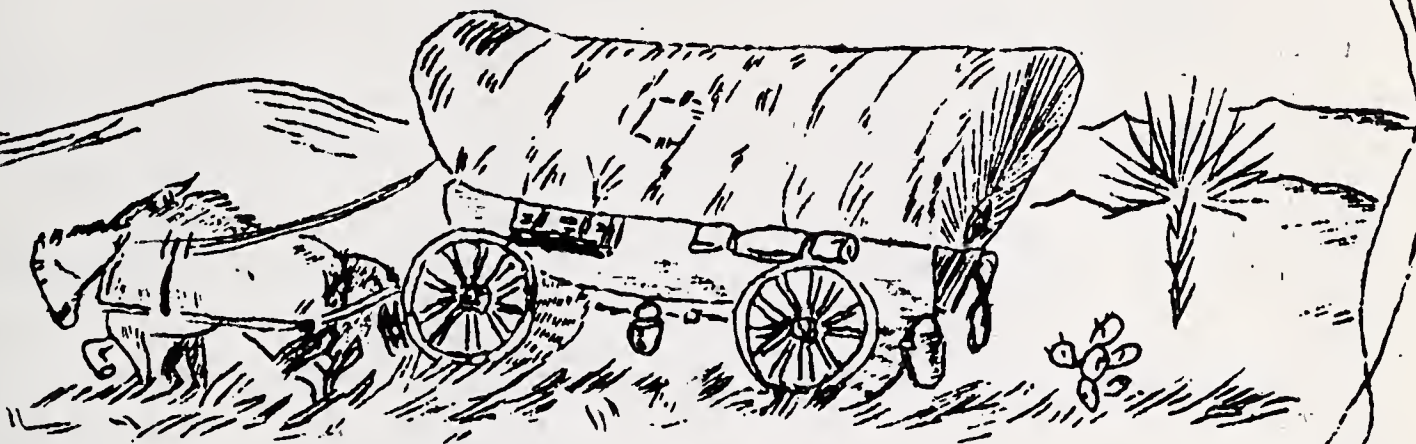


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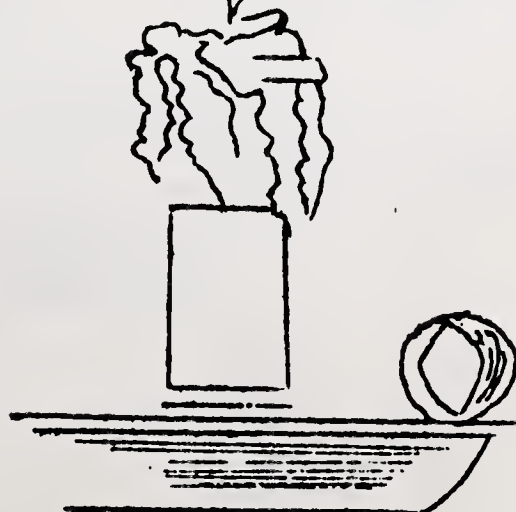


HISTORY OF THE ANDERSON FAMILY

BY

LILLIE ANDERSON HART

WRITTEN IN TAYLORVILLE, ILLINOIS - 1946



Allen County Public Library,  
Ft. Wayne, Indiana



# THE ANDERSON FAMILY

JOHN ANDERSON B. OH. D. 1845 Vevay Ind.

JANE BRANNON OH.

1. Alexander B. --b. Jun 1812 Oh. d. 15 Feb. 1840 Ind. wife Nancy Ann Beach
2. John Jr. --b. 1820 Oh. d. 1855 Switz. Co. Ind. wife Jane W. Bellamy
3. James --b. 1825 Oh. d. Iowa wife Henrietta Adams
4. Elia Augustus b. 1829 Oh. wife Caroline Haskell
5. Hannah -- b. Oh. husb. John B. Shaw
6. Margaret--b. Oh. husb. Eli Shaw
7. Sarah P. b. 1813? Oh. husb. Augustus S. Wheeler
8. Elizabeth b. 16 May 1817 Oh. d. 22 Sep. 1892 Kans. Husb James Q. Bellamy
9. Martha Ann b. 1822 Oh. husb. William E. Haskell

## 2 JOHN ANDERSON JR.

JANE WEST BELLAMY

1. Sarah J. B. Ind. husb. Grooms
2. Calvin R. died Civil War
3. Melvin Corvasso. B. 11 Nov. 1845 Ind. d. 8 May 1929 Cal. wife-Mary Ellen Smith
4. Joseph T.
5. Christian John
6. Elizabeth d. 22 Sep. 1892
7. Anna
8. George
9. Emma
10. Julia Ann b. 1841 Ind. d. 14 May 1845 Vevay Switzerland Co. Ind.

## 3 MELVIN CORVASSO ANDERSON

MARY ELLEN SMITH  
b. 28 Apr. 1845 Wash. Co Ind.  
d. 7 Dec. 1908 Taylorville, Ill.

1. Charles Madison b. 1866 Attica Iowa Marion Co. lived 2 weeks
2. Enoch Franklin b. 22 Mar. 1868 " d. Mar. 1934 Oh. wife Jennie Gongwer
3. Lillie Jane b. 8 Feb. 1870 " d. 13 Feb. 1958 Taylorville h. Dean Hart
4. Iona Blanche b. 29 Jan. 1872 Iowa d. 12 Apr. 1968 Calif. h. Baughman
5. John Wesley b. 3 Dec. 1873 Ill. d. 13 Nov. 1958 Ill.
6. LeRoy b. 17 Sep. 1875 Ill. d. Jul. 1960 Calif.
- Dora b. 19 Feb. 1880 Ill. d. d. 17 Sp. 1964 Pa.
8. Ralph b. 11 Sep 1889 Ill. d. Nov. 1918 Ill.
9. Edwin b. 21 Feb. 1884 Ill. d. 17 Sp. 1964 Pa.

## 2. ENOCH FRANKLIN

JENNIE JERUSHA GONGWER  
b. 16 Feb. 1865 Richland Co. OH.  
d. 7 Ju. 1914 Columbus, OH.

Dorothy Edith Anderson  
b. 13 Sp. 1898 Circleville Oh.  
d. 10 Jun. 1963 Sarasota, Fla.

Charles Leon Jones  
b. 9 Feb. 1891 Bourbon Co. Kans.  
d. 21 Jul. 1964 Sarasota, Fla.

1. Joyce Anderson Jones b. 16 Aug. 1926 Oh. d. 31 Jan. 1967 N.Y.  
husb. Paul W. Kind
2. Leontine Jones b. 23 Mar. 1933 husb. E. Andrew Launer  
children: Jackson Allen Launer  
Jennie Elizabeth Launer  
John Andrew Launer  
Jerrold Charles Launer



SLAVES MENTIONED IN WILLS KY. -VIRG. 1696-1833

Westmoreland Co. Va. 1696--Will of Jorden

To Dorcas Spence: Dick  
To Patrick Spence: Baker Habendum  
Sue Habendum  
To Dorcas Weedon: Jenny(?) Habendum  
To Thomas Spence: Mungo & Pegg

Westmoreland Co. Va. 1704--Will of Alexander Spence

To Patrick Spence: Negro Cully  
Great Dick  
Mulatto Tom  
Negro Aggady  
Jude  
Nanne  
Matt  
Gambo & wife Betty  
To Mary Spence: Little Nanny  
Sarah  
Charles  
Jude's little sucking chile & little boy, and  
Tony, being the children of the negro woman Gambo

Westmoreland Co. Va. 1708--Will of Dorcas Jorden

To: Patrick Spence: Old Bess & young Betty, daughter to Peggy  
To: Jorden Weedon--Harry  
To: Mary Weedon---Jack  
To: Dorcas Sanford--Mingo  
Pegg  
To: Patrick Spence--Prince  
To: Jane Spence--Loss

Northumberland Co. Virg. 1720--Will of Richard Neal

To: Dorcas Smith: Mathew, Sammy, Jack, Lolla-mulatto girl, Dick, Nanny,  
Polixant, Great Molk  
To: Shapleigh Neal: Robin, Peter, Bess, Lillie Moll, the child Will

Fairfax Va. 1791 Will of Mary M. Talbott  
Boy--Paris, Dower slaves

Bourbon Co. Ky. 1833 Will of D. Movil Talbott

Peter--to be freed  
Paulina  
Henderson

Wills held (copies) by Leontine Jones Launer  
1195 Wyandotte Rd.  
Columbus, Ohio. 43212





## OUR FATHER

Melvin C. Anderson son of John Anderson and Jane Bellamy. Jane Bellamy born in Glasgo, Scotland of Scotch-Irish parents. John Anderson of Scotch-Irish and English descent, the English of nobility. Father's name Melvin Cervosso Anderson born at Vevay, Washington County, Indiana moved at the age of ten years with his parents to Iowa near Knoxville. His father fought a prairie fire to help a neighbor and died two weeks afterward. His mother raised the family on forty acres they had entered from the Government. With great thrift managed them all a family of nine. Calvin, Melvin, Sarah, Ann, Joe, John, Elisabeth, George Emma, and an infant first child died. Joe had unusual ability as a lover of music and could play anything he could get his hands on; playing an Aeolian Harp by ear. (as no one had musical education) He also wrote poetry. (Did I get mine of him?) Emma had very unusual ability with her needle making fancy work and crocheting and even weaving fancy things and fancy turping. Malaria was in the land when they first settled there, and Jane B. Anderson gathered her brood about her and made each one take a dose of salts every morning! They were almost alone in the escape of the disease! She wove the blankets and jeans to make the boys suits, knitting a stocking in a day had no glasses at seventy-three years and most of her teeth. (Father also had all of his, but four when he died at 84.) Jane Bellamy Anderson died at the age of ninety-three. She had a brother living near her at Des Moines, Iowa named Samuel Bellamy who was a rich honest man! He owned lots of land and cattle that they herded on the plains. He took father when a lad and kept him until he married our mother (Mary Ellen Smith) and taught him farm work and many good things "not to use tobacco, not to drink, had him join the church" and etc. When Samuel Bellamy died it was said of him that he was never known to give any one (even hired help) a cross word! His fine face showed this to be true. Of the brothers and sisters of John Anderson and Jane Bellamy, I know nothing except this one "Uncle Sam Bellamy" but father's brothers and sisters all live (or did) around Des Moine, Knoxville, and that part of the country and their sons would be almost old men by now! I have seen the pictures of several Andersons in the north of the state and around Burlington, Iowa in the Journal and their looks showed them to be kin of ours. They were all Captains or Lieutenants, each and all. I think Grandma Anderson (Jane Bellamy Anderson) was also of a poetic turn of mind, for I did Dad's writing for her when I was small, and over every letter had something of that sort. The last one I read she copied that song all the verses "Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown". "Only waiting till the reapers have the last sheaf gathered Home" etc. She was very religious so you see we have some good blood from both parents from our Father.





## OUR MOTHER

1908 Mary Ellen Smith born April 28, 1845 - Died December 7, 1909 daughter of Matthew Smith and Sarah Cathcart-Smith, was born near Salem, Washington County, Indiana. Her brothers and sisters were Jane, Julia, Mary Ellen (our mother) John C. <sup>Miss</sup> Katherine James L. Her father died when she was eight years old. Her mother Sarah Cathcart-Smith later married a man named Thompson, the father of mother's have sister Emma Thompson, who married William Watson of Grove City, Illinois. Emma's children are Professor Prentiss Deffendol, wife Jesse, and a daughter named Jennie of St. Louis. This Mr. Thompson went with some men on some sort of prospecting trip and never returned. She thought he was killed by bandits of some sort. She later married a third time to a man named Daniel Garrison. One son was born to this marriage. This son died after his own marriage, but had two daughters. He was manager of the Moline Plow Works at Moline, Illinois and is buried there.

Grandma moved from Missouri where she was living at that time to Iowa near a brother John Cathcart of Knoxville, Iowa who was a wealthy man. Our mother went to live in their family until she met Melvin C. Anderson and was married to him on August 24, 1865.

Dad and mother moved to Illinois by way of covered wagon in the Fall of 1872 with Frank, myself, and Blanche, a six month old baby, and settled at Stonington Illinois on the farm of John Schrantz. Later Dad bought the place near Taylorville, Illinois where Smith Oyler lived. He sold it later and bought the farm that he later sold to Jeff Redfern where Ed was born. Then bought from Will Wallers the farm near the James Calloway farm that was afterward bought by Roy Anderson.

This is all I know of mother's parents as I did not know any of her father's people, but one Jane Smith who came to Illinois in an early day and lived south of Sharpsburg, Illinois. He had three sons Frank, Matthew and Douglas. Matthew was a lawyer. Have told you what I know of father's mother and father also. Grandma Garrison lived near Grove City on a farm with her son Daniel Garrison and a half mile from Uncle John Smith when she was bitten by a savage Bull Dog owned by a neighbor. She died two weeks afterward. I remember her funeral. She was a tall black haired woman, blue eyes and nice looking. They sang "Fade, Fade each Earthly Joy, Jesus is Mine". I was ten years old and thought it terrifying to see her put in the grave. She was a wonderful woman to work and a good cook.

I will tell you later the most of dad and mother's struggles in the early days amid the tall prairie grass and water every where.



## THE HOME

Melvin C. Anderson and Mary Ellen Smith were united in marriage August 24, 1865 at the home of John Cathcart near Attica, Iowa, an uncle of Mary Ellen's and a brother of her mother Sarah Cathcart Smith. Mary Ellen had made this her home for several years past and had taught one term of summer school near there that Spring. They began housekeeping in a small log house near John Cathcart. It had a log fire place and a rope bed in one corner, fastened to a post. Melvin C. worked all winter mauling rails in the timber near, and with this money purchased a heifer calf for their first cow. His dinner bucket often held molasses corn bread, baked on the fire place in an oven, and fried mush, but he was young and healthy, and strong and went through cold and heat. He was twenty years old on November 11, born 1845. Mary Ellen was twenty years old on April 28, born 1845; six months older than her husband. She spun wool, and wove blankets, jeans, yarn, etc. was a master hand with a needle and made twenty jeans coats for men at \$5.00 each the winter before I was born, saving the \$100.00 made to pay on their first forty acres of land, which they bought in a few years after marriage. A son Charles was born to them on July 22, 1866 near Attica, Iowa who died two weeks later. Enoch Franklin born March 22, 1868. Lillie Jane (the Jane for Jane Bellamy Anderson, Dad's mother) was born February 8, 1870; and Iona Blanche was born January 29, 1872 all near Attica, Iowa. In the Fall of 1872 they sold their possessions and came by way of covered wagon to the Prairie land of Illinois to settle. They spent their first winter near Stonington, Illinois, Dad busking wonderful corn that winter to earn their way. On the way to Illinois they met with an accident. Frank aged 4½ years, myself aged 2½ years rode in the covered wagon on top of bedding and furniture. Frank one day pulled up the canvas and leaned too far over to look at the wagon wheels, lost his balance and fell between the wheels and one wheel went over his body. He fell in a hole which was all that saved his life. He throw one arm across his body and it broke his arm. He was not internally hurt, but the poor parents were grief stricken and panicky when they picked him up, thinking he was killed: no doctor within many miles and farm houses, far a part. They took him into a farm house nearby where they laid him on a pallet near the door in the air. It was hot. This is my very earliest memory, 2½ years old, seeing Frank lying so pale on that cot, my parents weeping; Mother carrying Blanche in her arms, and Dad went to the wagon to get things to whittle splints to bind up and set his arm, which my brave parents did, and the arm got all right, and was perfectly set! A doctor told them later. I remember nothing more of the trip except that one scene and incident. We arrived in Illinois, Dad renting a farm from John Schrantz of Stonington where we lived until he bought from the Government the Smith Oyler farm (it is now called)! At Stonington





John Wesley was born on December 3, 1873, but I do not recollect any of the details of that on our arrival. My first memory of Illinois was that I was sitting on the front steps (we lived across from the Mt. Zion Church) and of hearing the organ and the singing of the people in church, my first recollection of music! There Dad bought the land from the Government north west of Taylorville. I remember our moving to that farm and of my Father taking me down off the loaded wagon and taking me in the house and while the men were setting up the kitchen stove, pulled off my wool stockings to see if my feet were frozen and rubbing my feet with his hands as I was crying with the cold. It was muddy and the way was a long one, over ten miles. Then we lived in a two room house Dad had mostly built himself, had dug a well, and put up a rail stable covered with straw before we moved there. This was the Spring of 1874. They started Frank to school at the Valentine School that Spring to the summer term, the country was full of Prairie grass as tall as a horse and water and ponds were numerous; He went as far as the Railroad culbert and a snake ran out and ran away! He came home crying and would not go back, so next morning Mother fixed me up (four years old in February) and I went with him from then on. I already knew my letters from their teaching them to Frank; so I went through my Primer and first Reader and was ready for the second Reader by the time I was six years old and got the prize for being the best reader in the school. A few weeks before school closed, there came up a terrible thunder and lightening storm with a terrible rain: Frank and I at the Valentine School, so far away, and myself at least so small! Dad brought a horse for us to ride home on; leading the horse by the bridle and walking himself. The 4:00 o'clock B. & O. came along, and we not far from the railroad, the horse snorted and jumped throwing us off, and I on my right wrist. It broke my arm completely! When Dad picked me up, the hand hung back to my elbow. He cried "Oh your arm is broken". I was in agony, of course, and sick. He carried me home the rest of the way, the horse cooling off after the train had passed. Again he whittled splints and they set my arm (never will forget the agony) and it was a success and I used that arm not long afterwards. This occurred a few weeks before the last day of school and Mr. Kolley (the teacher) sent me the prize by Frank.

This year was a bad one and it rained and drowned out a lot of our corn, but the high ground producing wonderful crops as it was sod ground. Dad and Unclo Kester bought a threshing machine with eight horse power (for engino). They went as far as Grovo City threshing wheat among the farmers who had "ditched" their land and had built good homes. He had four horses and Unclo Kester four. I can see him yet coming home on Saturday afternoon riding one of the horses, loading the others; coming across that Prairie sod with high grass and many green flies. We children would climb up on the fence





her  
father  
died  
1855

and watch for him, and when he came in sight, run to meet him.

He paid for his first land by this method, and a \$500.00 income that Mother inherited from her father and got when she was of age. Her father had a small farm and had built a new prairie house when he died suddenly of a large carbuncle on his spine in the middle of his back. The Indiana law required the wife to have one third of the estate, the remaining two thirds was set aside for the children, who were all small! Poor Sarah Cathcart Smith was left with six small children to raise and her pitiful one third of the land after they toiled to pay for it. This \$500.00 was accrued interest as well as what Mother got to invest in a house, so we owe a lot to our Grandmother who died previously, of course.

1866  
of

The next year 1875 on September 17, Roy was born. Dad was thrashing again all over the country. He was home that week having a man to take his place as he "fed the separator" the grain. The men used to say "they knew the minute Dad stepped to the machine it ran so smooth". Roy arrived with the aid of Aunt Fannie Gardner north of Sharpsburg and Aunt Kit Kester who dressed the Baby. Frank and I came home from Valentine School and was told "she brought him". We had no maid, so Frank and I carried in stove wood and kept a fire in the cook stove, dug potatoes and boiled them with the podding on and got in sweet corn and cooked it on the cob. Aunt Kit baked our bread and brought it on side saddle across the Prairie (they lived about two miles North East of us) washed our clothes and on the 5th day Dad went back to the threshing machine and poor Mother insisting on it got along with our help and Aunt Kit's, but we washed dishes and I can remember sweeping the barn floor with a broom five and one half years old! Poor Dad came home as often as possible when he was close enough to get in, quite late, drew water from an open well, etc. Dad nailed a board across the frame to set the bucket on so by no chance could we fall into the well. We did not fight or contend, but all were constructive trying to "help out". We "shooed" the flies off the table (as there were no screens) and off Mother who was in bed of course. We had our share of mosquitoes also. The next Spring we had a teacher by the name of Miss Pence whom I dearly loved as she was so nice to me. She painted me a picture of a pear, a peach, and a strawberry on a white piece of paper; had me to copy it and then gave me a set of water-colors paint, with a small brush. Needless to say I used it and painted a lot of good scenes, the picture she gave me I kept for years. Dad continued threshing each Fall until he was forced to come home and shuck his own corn. He improved the place, setting out an orchard and all else that grew that they could get hold of or "swap". Then he sold to Smith Oylor that land and bought again one mile north west in what is now the Earl Redfern farm where it was higher ground and a bigger house for our large



family of five children. We had one big living room, a big bedroom, a big kitchen with a large pantry and small porch between pantry and living room. To my great delight we had a large yellow rose bush by the bedroom window, some "bouncing Betty" down the front path, some "sweet Molly" and a lot of other plants. When that yellow rose bloomed for the first time, I leaned out the bedroom window and my happiness was so great that I repeated the Lord's Prayer! Mother and I worked sewing rags together to have a rag carpet for the living room. When she got it down; puffed up with straw underneath; her joy knew no bounds! I remember once when Uncle Kester's all came over, of him saying "well Mollie are you afraid to take off your pants at night?" Dad laughed, he, Uncle Kester replied "Well I am afraid mine will be in carpet rags the next morning" for Kit is making another rag carpet." We set out a big orchard at this farm of peach, apple and pear trees; raspberry and black berry bushes, goose berries, currants, and rhubarb. We raised wonderful crops on that higher land. We began attending the school at Fairview one and a half miles west of us. Frank and I walked down the B. & O. Railroad to Sunday School at the Methodist Church at Sharpsburg and got our mail there also. I can remember in those early days the wild Sweet Williams on the Prairie and the Blue Bells and Spring Beauties, the grapevines suspended from so many tall trees. When Dad went to get our supply of wood to burn, how the boys early learned to chop up the wood for cook stoves and heaters. When we went to the Valentine School I remember one day Mr. Elija Miller called us into their home on the way home and his daughter played on a new piano (rare then) "Listen to the Mocking Bird". I was so thrilled I did not move, for I was carried away to a different world! Three or four days later as I worked the whole song and tune came to me and I sang it off not missing a note. They had a lovely carpet and chairs. I did not touch anything for fear I would hurt it; for we were trained like that. When I see children come in a home and grab up every thing they can get hold of, I think my parents must have been — well good parents at least!

At ten years of age I had pieced a quilt. At eleven cut out and made myself a calico dress on the machine and I kept house while Mother went to take care of Aunt Emma Watson when her oldest daughter was born. I made biscuits and a pie my first attempt; the biscuits were pretty flat and Frank came around smiling and saying "Two Slats", but undaunted I made them again and they were good. I also crocheted lace for my own underwear at eleven years of age. Well time went on we had good crops and went to Sunday School and church and Fairview School where I got another honor at ten years of "being the best writer in School". Mother got a new silk dress and we had a family group taken together at





Wheelers in Taylorville on February 19, 1880. Dora B. was born and Mother hired her washing before she came, and had a maid quite a while afterwards, her first indulgence in being waited upon! Then on April 24, 1880 that terrible cyclone swept past our doors and took our neighbors homes and all they had. It was a terrible calamity. The little house Dad had built that now belonged to Smith Oylor was taken up and not a splinter remained and all else he had. We drove over the next afternoon down the track that was leveled as though it were swept clean with a big broom, fences, trees, and all gone. We got out of the big wagon and walked over to where Mr. Oylor was sitting on one of the stumps of the foundation: his head buried in his hands; Dad went up to him and called, "Smith", he looked up and said, "Molle". They both wept like children and Mother and all of us! Dad had bought a new plow and went home and brought it over to him and many other things. Dad worked all night with team and wagon down the track of the cyclone hunting for neighbors buried under the debris and trash, none were killed, but all cut and scratched and stripped almost naked of their clothes, some knocked senseless. There were no hospitals in those days, no charities, or Insurance so they were taken to the homes of relatives and neighbors. Dad helped gather up in the wagon, clothes, and apparel, some buried in mud, and we had a "washing" at our house and washed and ironed things in rags almost, some folded inside were fairly good. The neighbors came to help. I was ten years old, but remember rubbing on the board (as there were no machines) some of the smaller pieces and helping with the dinner for the women. When the cyclone started to the earth, it looked like a big black cloud swinging low. It soon began to turn around and one end pointed down to the earth and got faster and faster as it came through the sky. Dad happened to go to the door to look out as it had been hailing and an awful rain storm. He called to us and I was one that ran to see what it was; we were all terrified! Mother called us all together, took the baby from the cradle and we put on wraps. She wanted to go to an old cave we had for milk and fruit; but Dad was afraid it would cave in, as it was old and said we better "run West away from it" as it seemed to be bearing toward the East. I remember that I ran back in the house and dropped on my knees beside the trundle bed and repeated the Lord's Prayer, but did not cry. (Have been happy since living to be old, to remember this.) I went on out and held onto Dad's hand watching his face almost as much as the cyclone. He was calm and collected, cheering Mother with the things he said and watched the cyclone bear Eastward past trees, and buildings thereby telling the course it was taking. It was about ten miles away, but was soon to Millers Grove one and one half miles south of us. It





seemed to halt a bit as it struck all those trees and turn a little more to the north and went to Oylers, Higgins, and Jim Watts all East of us. I stood holding on to Dad, till it got North East of us several miles when it gave a sort of gasp and the clouds and smoke going upward and all was over! As it went past Higgins due East, the roar of noise was so terrible that we had to shout to each other to be heard. Dad had six big cribs of corn down by a big ditch that went along his place, East of the house and a drive way up to the house, the black whirling cloud reached to those cribs! We were surprised to see them standing after it passed. It was about one fourth mile wide in the suction part of it that took things up, and then the outer clouds that threw things around about another one fourth mile. I remember as it was passing so close how I trembled from head to foot and could not see how we could escape; I remember asking Dad "is it coming here". He replied, "No I don't think so unless it changes its course". It seemed to be going North East from South West when it exploded and went up in the air. It left a pile of dead horses, pigs, chickens everything but not a piece of any house as big as a door, all were in splinters. I saw a big 200 pound hog rammed down on the limb of a tree the hair nearly all off the hog and the trees in splinters such things a common sight! It made an impression on me I never got over, of the great and mighty power of God; and what He can do. Also to aid all folks in distress, that are afflicted beyond what is not laziness, or bad management for we know not when our time can come for affliction. Another thought: How God had helped my parents who came up by industry and thrift and self-denial, there stood 2,000 and 400 bushel of corn untouched, at the very edge of the storm. It seemed their reward for honest living. For I had seen another black cloud roll over our farm and drown out nearly all our corn, only on high ground, and Mother go in the house and take up her checkered gingham apron and weep aloud and say "the last hope is gone and our house will go now". But Dad saved it by his threshing machine, and with God's help, of course!

One thing worthy of mention was the musical instruction at Fairview School we received, by Dr. Newberry one of the first teachers I went to after our move to this new home. He had prayer and a song in school and also drew a chart of notes on the board and drilled and drilled us in the tone of each note. He could detect a "flat" in any one's voice and made them do it over and over until they reached the perfect tone. It was the only musical instruction I ever obtained, but I could soon play the organ and horn and even the French Harp! As Dad loved music he too caught on to a lot of it and sang with us. Then we





S  
went to Daniel L. Beatty Washington New Jersey and bought an organ as he sent direct to the customers and had no middle man. It was a splendid organ and I learned by the Instructor Book with it; to play every thing in sight and many a happy time we all had gathered about that organ singing and playing. One who helped me to find good song ballads was Annie May (Wiggins) at that time going to Fairview School. I sat with Ina May for years in the same seat and we were tit for tat with the head marks. Later I went six years to John D. Kerns an able and first grade teacher and his knowledge of life and books and his discipline was splendid and he turned out many teachers from that school. By this time Dad had quit threshing (He ran it ten years) and our crops were good. He bought forty acres more land from George Potts south of us and we were better fixed in every way in the summer of 1883. We built a new house two story, painted white, with rooms for all of us, the boys had a large room with Frank in one bed and John and Roy in another bed. Blanche and I had a smaller room on the front; Dad and Mother the north room with a smaller bed for Dora who was then 3½ years old. I worked all summer making "crazy" rugs for the floor; made a set of pillow shams worked in Turkey Red; framed pictures with oat straws and it was gaily decked out. We had a big front porch with banisters above of fancy fresco and our joy was complete. I also worked a pair of pillow shams for a bed down in the living room which Dad and Mother occupied in Winter so they could be close to the Round Oak Heater and Dad started the fires in both that and the kitchen. We had a new carpet all wool red and green for the parlor (as it was then called). We had lace curtains in that room and some new chairs and rockers all over the house and we were a happy family. We had a new Spring Wagon three seats to attend church and Sunday School and went to several picnics etc. All our relatives came to see the "New House". We had a brand new rag carpet for the sitting room which we all worked on all summer. That winter I stayed out of school on Monday mornings until after we had the washing done; walking down the B. & O. Railroad part of the time on to school; one morning the 9:00 o'clock train which I supposed was gone, nearly caught me, the wind blowing from the North, took the sound away and intuition impelled me to turn around and look back! Just as I did the engineer screamed his whistle at me. I had to jump over a tiled ditch full of water to clear it. I did it! But was never able to do it again. I was so scared I had to sit on the railroad tracks for a while to stop my heart plunging and too weak to walk. We went around by Lucian Youngs after that and Charlie and Ethel Young went with us to School. Mother was getting ready for another baby! The baby was born February 21, 1884 born in the new house the first winter. Blanche and I had made up our minds that we wanted twins and girls and even had them named as Mother had told me of





the affair, as I was fourtoon in February 8, 1884 and I did the washing after the baby came and did the house work for the whole family; baking the bread, pies and etc. This was Edwin Campbell who arrived at this time! I did all but dress him, but neighbors did that, Hattie Sharp came over and attended to him, naming him after her husband and after Dr. Stokes who attended Mother for the first time that she did not have a mid-wife! I thought this baby the cutest thing I ever did see and loved him dearly. I took care of him so much that he would raise his head up in the cradle when I came in the room and how he would smile when I took him up. I stayed at Uncle John Smiths two weeks in care of Aunt Lyde who was confined and could not get help. While there I got on fine with the work, but was so lonesome to see Ed the baby, that I would cry softly to myself when alone. When I came home, I flew to the cradle and he crowed out loud and patted me on the cheek he was so glad to see me.

In 1883 Mother offered Ina May and myself a prize to the one who could bake the best yeast bread, the contest to come off in August. We began in the Spring learning all there was to know about it, how to make our own yeast etc. I baked eight loaves every other day all that summer for our family, baking also at Uncle John Smiths the two weeks I stayed there. I also stayed there two weeks in 1884 the year Ed was a baby. It was worth a lot to us both to learn this and was very valuable to me in life later on. The contest was a tie, so two prizes were given. Mine was an Autograph Book. Mother wrote on the first pages this original: "Remember as o'er these pages you look. It was for making good bread I gave you this book". I have the book yet highly prized.

By this time we had also built a new red barn and had a white picket fence across the front yard and many other nice new improvements. One instance I feel I must give in this writing was this: After we moved to this place I have told of the fine peach and apple orchards we planted west of the house (the old house at this time). It grew and thrived and folks in that day were almost starved for good fruit as most farms were all new. We had fifty peach trees and one year after another they would bloom and freeze with frost and etc. Until at last one early tree with red cheeked peaches was loaded down with big peaches as large as a tea cup. We were taught to wait the parents word and consent, but on a Saturday we begged Mother to let us have a peach as they were so red. She went with us to the orchard, pulled one and cut in it and said, "No children they would make you sick with cholera morbus, but by Monday morning they will be all right and we waited patiently and Monday she went with us to gather them and Lo! a thief had been there and stripped the tree! They had





boaten the limbs and broke them to get the peaches. We all cried, Mother also. We had planted and watered and waited and all was gone!!! Later a lot of them were found in the grain shocks in the field, rotted and spoiled. It turned out that our hired man had another hired man in the neighborhood to help him do the dirty trick. It was a lesson in honesty and I never could bear to see any one take what was not theirs ever since, I taught it to my children and grandchildren and when Christine gets old enough I shall tell her the story also.

On August 24, 1885 Dad and Mother had been married twenty years had their own farm well improved, had seven living children and not long afterwards bought more land. This is written for Ed's daughter Edwina and it is facts and from memory and actual experience.

I see I have left out one very important thing in the life of my parents for at the age of about twelve years Dad who never smoked or drank anything at all or was even guilty of immorality got the family a book entitled "Ten Nights in a Bar Room", and had us all read it through. He then offered his boys "a gold watch and chain at the age of twenty-one if they abstained from drink and smoking and etc. until that age." They all got the gold watch at twenty-one! It shows the influence of good parents. Being a daughter I was not included, but later in life wrote several poems on Drink that were published and helped the world to a good standard as they were widely published. Another thing I must write down was the Family Prayers that Dad held every morning before he touched his days work. A verse from the Bible and a prayer from him and some of the time from Mother started our day. I say we were a lucky family to have parents like that and I give my thanks for them, and Amen; also for our Minister Ed and family

Written By Lillian Anderson-Hart, age 76  
Eldesd Daughter of  
Melvin C. and Mary E. Smith-Anderson  
April 1946

Booked and Printed By

Rev Edwin C. Anderson 5<sup>th</sup> Son of  
our parents

Picturn Drawn by Edwina - A. Brooks daughter of













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